

In The Land Of Oo=Oo

By Annette Angert



Charles crept onto his father's lap and the two sisters drew their chairs closer.

"What shall it be?" asked father. "about the fruits, the flowers or the trees? The only wild animals on the islands are a few bears, and there is nothing of interest about them. Once there were many beautiful birds, but a vain king caused them all to be killed."

"Oh, tell us why he did that!" exclaimed Marietta.

"The bird was called the oo-oo," said father. "Probably it was given that name because of the note of its song. It must have been as handsome a little fellow as ever flew, for in addition to wings and tail of dark blue, it had a tuft of feathers on the breast that were the color of gold. The king of the island decided one day that he would like to have a robe covered with these golden tufts. So the people were ordered to kill all the oo-oo birds and bring their bodies to the palace. This hunt lasted many days and when it was over not an oo-oo bird was left on the islands. But the king had his wonderful robe."

"Please tell us something more," urged Marietta. "The other day we learned that the islands rose out of the sea during a great earthquake and that lava from volcanoes has made them grow larger and larger. Captain Tim also told us that the first plants and trees grew from seeds that had been carried there by birds. So won't you tell us how the first people came to the islands?"

"History does not go back that far," said father; "but there is a legend that the first people in Hawaii went there from Samoa."

"What is a legend?" asked Charles. "A legend is a story such as I am telling you," father explained; "only it is a story that has been told many, many times. There was a day when people did not know how to write,

and of course there were no books. Then the only way by which children could learn what had been done by their fathers, their grandfathers and others who had been before them, was by listening to stories that were told. Much of the early history of the world has been handed down to us in this way. The stories that are thus told are called legends. So it is only a legend that tells how the first people came to Hawaii."

"What is that legend, father?" asked Marietta.

"It tells of two brothers who were great chiefs in Samoa and were high priests in their heathen form of worship. The name of the elder of these brothers was Paao and the younger was named Lono Pele. These brothers pretended that they could read fortunes in the stars and in the sands on the seashore and by other means. They were clever enough to know that the people, who were very ignorant, would believe anything they told them."

"After a time the brothers became very wealthy and each owned thousands of acres and had thousands of warriors in his army."

"Then came a day when the brothers quarreled and after that they tried to do one another harm. One morning Lono Pele claimed that someone had stolen some fruit from his land. He went to the house of his brother and said:

"Paao, fruit has been stolen from me, and I am sure it was taken by your son."

"If my son stole your fruit he did very wrong, and must be punished," said Paao. "Did you see him take the fruit?"

"No, but I saw him walking on my land, and I believe he took the fruit," answered Lono Pele.

"It was wrong for him to even walk on your land," said Paao; "and I shall punish him for that."

"And will you punish him for stealing my fruit?" asked Lono Pele.

"I am certain that he did not touch your fruit," answered Paao.

"And I am just as certain that he did," insisted Lono Pele.

"How can I prove to you that my son did not touch your fruit?" asked Paao.

"You can cut him open," said Lono Pele. "If you find my fruit in his

stomach, as I am sure you will, then you must punish him as he deserves."

"But if the stolen fruit is not found in my son's body what shall be done to you?" asked Paao.

"That is none of my affair," said Lono Pele, and he walked away. "Then Paao cut open his son's body. He did not find any fruit. His son died and he became very angry. He called all his soldiers together and ordered them to march against the army of Lono Pele. But just as the soldiers were starting he told them to halt."

"No," he said; "it is wrong to fight one's brother. I will not fight with Lono Pele. It is better that we should never see one another again, not even in war."

"Then he commanded his followers to build a number of large canoes. After several months' work hundreds of these were lying in the water, ready for a voyage. Paao then had food and water placed on board and with all his followers, their wives and their children he set sail for the north. And that, says the legend, is how they happened to be the first people to inhabit the Hawaiian Islands."

"Was he the king who ordered the men to kill the pretty birds?" asked Marietta.

"No," said father. "The ruler who did that was one of the Kamehamehas. There were many kings by that name in Hawaii, just as there have been many Edwards and Williams in England."

"Who first discovered the islands?" asked Marietta.

"The Spaniards claim that they did," said father. "Their histories say that a Spanish ship visited Hawaii in 1542, which was 50 years after Columbus discovered America. But they brought back very little information, and the real discoverer of the islands, and the man who first told the world all about them, was Captain Cook, who visited there in 1778, during the time when the American Colonies were fighting for their liberty."

"I will remember hearing my mother talk about those islands when I was a little boy," continued father. "Then they were called the Sandwich Islands. I imagined that was because all the people lived on sandwiches and when I heard of Captain Cook I supposed he went there to help them cook their

meat."

After the children had laughed heartily at this Marietta asked how it happened that the Hawaiian Islands became a part of the United States.

"Suppose," said father, "that out of the Manchester road there were hundreds of acres of very fine land on which nothing was being grown, and content to live on such fruit as you could pick and the fish you could catch. No, you shall not govern this land. We will do so. But we will give you work and you shall be well paid."

some people should come to us and say: 'We were here before you, and we will make the laws that shall govern this land.'

"But that is not right," we would say. 'True you were here before us. But you did nothing to make your land valuable. You were idle and were content to live on such fruit as you could pick and the fish you could catch. No, you shall not govern this land. We will do so. But we will give you work and you shall be well paid.'

"And that is what happened in Hawaii," asked Marietta.

"Exactly," said father. "Americans found that the natives were very lazy and had done nothing to cultivate the soil. So when the Americans had spent several million dollars in growing sugar cane, in raising coffee and in planting pineapple trees, and when the native rulers tried to pass laws that would hinder them from continuing this work, the Americans said: 'Now you must place the government in our hands.' At that time a queen

was on the throne and she was told that she could not rule any longer."

"Oh, that was Queen Liliuokalani," exclaimed Marietta.

"Yes. Her name was Liliuokalani. When she had left the throne the Americans formed a republic, but after a short time they asked the government at Washington to make the islands a part of the United States and this was done sixteen years ago. 'But now it is bed time, children. I can hear the Sandman creeping up the stairs. Let's try and catch him.'

The Dearest Boy



R. AND MRS. SUB-

URBAN

Enjoying their noon-day meal on a fall Sabbath, when the telephone announced a visit from a city friend, Mrs. Suburban was particularly tired after a warm week with a teething infant, and felt her one day of rest was to be encroached upon.

The City Friend arrived, and everything went along peacefully during the afternoon, barring the visit of a dotting uncle, who would hold the baby almost upside down, to the utter distraction of Mother's nerves; a lengthy call from a bride and groom still in the "cooking" stage, and a series of falls and bumps and escapades with the garden hose, by a seven-year-old daughter, whose acrobatic feats kept her gentle mother in danger of a rapid exit from this world from heart failure.

Just as the family had settled down on the piazza to enjoy the peace and quiet of the twilight hour, Mr. Suburban began to fidget about and talk about "tomatoes fried in crumbs" and "mushrooms on toast" and sundry like delicacies, indicative of a gnawing hunger. His wife sighed as she thought of the absent maid and the low state of the kitchen fire, but Mr. Suburban said, "You needn't lift your

finger, Mother, I'll do everything myself."

They went into the kitchen and Mother set about getting her own simple supper of bread and milk, and a special "luxury" a cup of coffee. A dish of mushrooms gathered in the morning was produced, and he commenced to peel them and toast bread at the same time.

After a mild suggestion from his wife, that he use a kitchen plate instead of her best Royal Worcester, he proceeded diligently to work. Presently a smell of something burning and a remark from Mrs. Suburban that toast was better when not burned to a crisp hurried him to the stove, where he stationed the City Friend on guard.

Alas for the appetite of man! As delicious as the mushrooms proved to be when cooked, he was still assailed by the pangs of hunger, and his thoughts returned to those "tomatoes fried in crumbs." Did Mother know where they were? How should he cut them? What was the matter with the fire? How were the crumbs to be made to stick to the tomatoes? etc. A mild remark about his being able to do everything himself fell upon unheeding ears, and the sizzling butter and an imperative demand for "cracker crumbs somebody, before this butter all melts away!" sent the City Friend on a foraging expedition into the pantry as the Mother hurried up the back

stairs to soothe a crying baby.

The tomatoes were liberally sprinkled with pepper and salt (as was also a pan of milk set for skimming), as Mrs. Suburban returned to her supper. As the tomatoes proved to be really delicious, she suggested that her husband should call to "Billy," across the way, as his family had gone to the mountains, to come over and have some. To the pantry window rushed this restless man, and his hail to Billy was followed by a crash that brought all hands standing up as a man, muttering unmentionable things, rushed out on to the lawn to free his anger to the blackbirds.

"What do you suppose he has done now?" asked the bewildered wife, as she struck a match to light up the scene of wreckage, just as a little white-robed creature with a frightened face, came pattering down the back stairs, calling "Mama, I'm afraid," and an infant's wail floated down the stairs. But Mother was too much interested in the pantry floor, with its lake of cod liver oil, sarsaparilla, soap-bubble pipes and cheese, and a cat trying to lap it all up, to notice anything else.

The cries of the children recalled Father from the lawn, still chafing over the result of his own clumsiness, and he commanded his little daughter to "go back upstairs this minute, and stop that noise!" while Mother hurried out of the pantry with the cat in her arms, dripping cod liver oil from

all four feet, saying, "There, there, darling! Mother will go up with you, don't be afraid. Papa only broke some dishes," throwing the cat out of the back door, and grabbing the smoking spider of tomatoes from the stove as she passed.

By this time Mrs. Suburban and the City Friend were equal to anything, and they tackled the sticky mess on the pantry floor, so Norah would not be sliding around while she was getting breakfast in the morning.

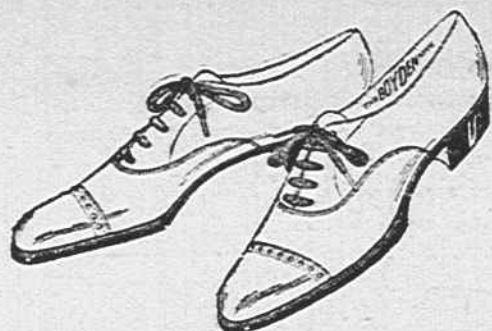
"The next time," she told her husband, "that you come possessed to fry tomatoes and cook mushrooms, you will go to the neighbors to do it or take an oil stove out on the back lawn!"

As the City Friend said good night, and started back to the city, with her arms full of flowers and fresh vegetables Mrs. Suburban said, "Oh! never mind, dear. I'm tired to death, and feel as if I had done a good day's work, but he really is the dearest boy in the world, and his intentions are good."

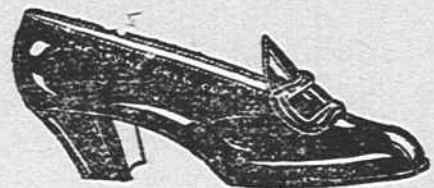
Just Possible. We used to hear quite frequently of the new woman bold. But the newness isn't mentioned now. She must be getting old.

For finished cruelty of speech. No ancient phrase can match it: As when a lad with fendish joy Says to a home-bound truant boy, "Kid, you're going to catch it."

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But They Carry on Work of War Relief without a Whimper.

THE HAGUE, Netherlands, May 14.—The immense gains made by the refugees from Belgium on the good heartedness of Dutch women have by no means exhausted their efforts for the betterment of social conditions in their own country. The strain of Belgian relief work has undoubtedly been very great and still is especially heavy upon the wives and daughters of the Netherlands. Holland was totally unprepared for any such emergency as the arrival over night within her borders of more than a million destitute neighbors. It was the women of the Netherlands who had to find immediate accommodations until the relief work could be systematically organized. They did it magnificently and without a whimper. Thousands of homes in Holland still shelter refugees, notwithstanding the general provisions which have been made for the unfortunate Belgians. One house in The Hague, alone, has afforded asylum to seventy-one destitute Belgians for nine months.

Women Very Busy.

But in addition to this work of pressing necessity the women of Holland are carrying on their suffrage campaign, are knitting and sewing for their own soldiers and their families, and are keeping up such work of social improvement as the schools for household arts and the schools for working women, which exist in many of the larger cities. In the former, young ladies of the better families of the Netherlands are taught house-keeping, the care of children, teaching, cooking and whatever else may be necessary or useful in the formation of a model wife and an efficient mother. These schools are, of course, paying organizations.

The schools for working women in

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Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague however, are in the nature of charities. Here the daughters of the people are taught to be independent or of aid to their families. They are trained as housemaids, cooks, seamstresses and nurse maids. If they are able, they pay a small tuition fee; if not, they are received just the same, and no one but the treasurer knows who has paid and who has not. The schools are provided with babies for the nurses to practice on, and even with older children, who serve as the raw material for kindergarten instruction.

Leave School to Work.

In the school for working women in Rotterdam last year 100 girls were turned away on account of lack of accommodations for them. This year the number has been less, since the general condition of hard times has forced many families to send their girls to work earlier than usual; also the absence of many men mobilized to guard the neutrality of Holland has greatly increased the demand for women workers.

The annual report of the Rotterdam school for working women which has just been issued to cover the year 1914 shows that the tuition fees received in this school amounted in that year to \$375.70. The expenses, however, were \$12,099.20. The deficit was met by private gifts. Many of the girls are forced to leave these schools before finishing the full three years' course, to earn their own living or to assist in the support of their families. But even these are snapped up at once by watchful Dutch housewives, anxious to secure good servants. The girls themselves are only too glad to be employed in domestic service in Holland, for the wages of women workers in the factories are notably low.

Mediaeval Horrors.

Nor are these the only practical measures taken by the women of Holland for their less fortunate sisters. The war has brought, even to this neutral land, some of its ghastly train of mediaeval horrors. There are Red Cross buildings in many streets of the larger cities and one of the royal palaces in The Hague has been turned over to this work. In this country there are not, of course, any wounded to care for. But there are the sick and the needy, and they are cared for.

The Home for Destitute Babies, too, since the mobilization has shown a marked increase in the field of its charitable endeavor. It is really an organization devoted to the care of unfortunate children of unmarried mothers. The babies of such of the poorer women as die in childbirth whose fathers are prevented by the character of their work from giving or providing proper care for the young children, are also taken in. The infants received in this home are kept from two to three years, upon a slight payment by the mothers, whose plight the sudden calling of the men to the colors has revealed.

From Shell Fire Not to Be Construed as Lunacy in Great Britain.

Loss of Memory. From Shell Fire Not to Be Construed as Lunacy in Great Britain. (Correspondence of Associated Press.) LONDON, May 14.—A bill to protect soldiers disabled by nervous

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breakdown from the stigma of lunacy has been introduced in parliament by Cecil Harmsworth. Nervous breakdown from the effects of shell fire involves a mental breakdown, with a complete loss of memory along with the loss of tasting, smelling and frequently of speech and sight. Many of the men are temporarily deranged and are kept in the lunacy wards of hospitals. Their cure comes with complete rest and the building up of general health.

At a Polish wedding in New Jersey, the guests enjoyed a 44-hour feast, at which a ton of oysters, seven calves, 144 chicken and a small "small mountain of sandwiches" were consumed.

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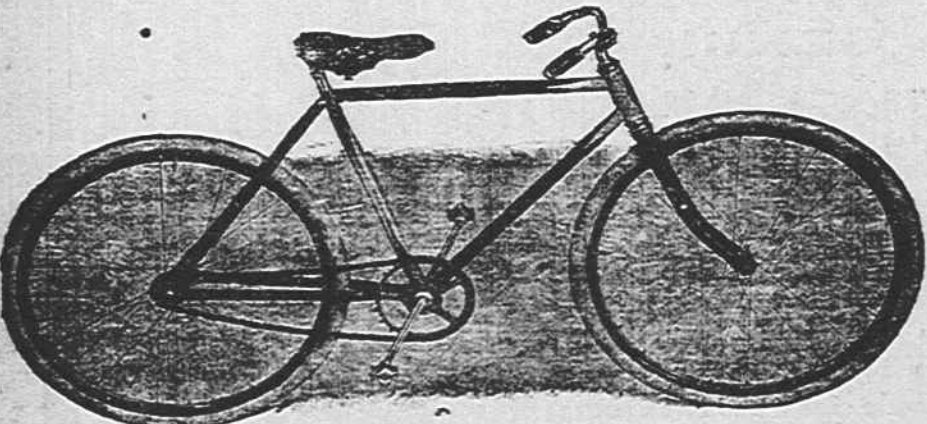
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